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be relieved of its present stock of
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to make room for F. H. Woods. In this way we hope to accomplish it by

Cutting Prices and Giving Longer Credit.

No matter what others advertise, call on us. We will verify above statement in every particular and send you away happy.

J. Baumann & Bro.

1313 to 1315 Third Ave., bet. 75th and 76th Sts.
Elevated H.R. Station 76th st. Open Saturdays till 8 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.

14th st., between 3d and 4th ays.
MADE TO ORDER, 10 CENTS A DAY.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

TONY PASTOR'S OWN COMPANIES ONLY.

MYER AND FIELD.	C. W. LEITCH, LEAD.
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MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

ELDORADO

COOL-PICTURE HERE—DELIGHTFUL
Circus at 4, Concert at 5 and in the evening
"EGYPT THROUGH CENTURIES."

Talk West 42d, 13th, 14th, Christopher and
Broadway, from 12:30 to 13th street, see
gigantic elephants.

TW-NIGHT.
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,
THE ROOF GARDEN AND POWER
HOUSE, LATER ON THE
and the artist of the
FAME OF THE ROMANS,
Last week of the Great
ending Friday evening.
Roxbury, from 12:30 to 13th street, see
Admission to all, except Concert, 80 cents.

EDEN MUSEE—AMERICAN GALLERY.
EIGHT NEW HISTORICAL GROUPS.
POWELL and MAJILTON.
MUNCZI LAJOS'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.

KOSTER & BIAL'S, MATINEE TO-NIGHT.
THE PARISIAN DANCE DEBUT.
MONS. DUFOUR and MILLE HARTLEY.

to on the Bowery, was referred to Walters Union No. 1 by the Central Labor Federation for the purpose of securing the Anti-Sweating Union, all affiliates of the Central Labor Federation, recommended to send delegates to that body. The Arbitration Committee reported that Morris had indicated his willingness to come here to their contract with the Cigarette-Makers' Union. The Secretary was instructed to inform Morris that the Cigarette-Makers' Association in relation to the demands made upon them by the Hat and Cap Makers' Union, the Furriers' Union, the Benders and Barber's Unions reported, having endorsed the plan of sending delegates to the Pittsburgh conference for establishing an international union of the furriers, hat and cap makers and the Pharmaceutical Union the seal of the Federation was given, to be placed on signs in the streets and outside the windows of the Boston, reported about the strikes in that city, and he denounced Henry Weissmann as being a traitor to the cause, stating that the journeymen bakers had become "conservative unionists," which, Mr. Guttmann said, the Boston bakers repudiated. A representative of the Boston Committee of the Workers' Protective Society in his address to the audience, said:

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to physicians who are to hold a Convention of the New Jersey State Medical Society at Atlantic City. The physician is the very best known here for answering a hasty professional summons. He has made arrangements for a party to start from the Post-Office, Park Now, and promise cover the distance between that point and Atlantic City in ten hours.

A Positive, Undisputable Fact.

Manitow

Is an absolutely natural table water.
Bottled at the Springs and
CHARGED SOLELY WITH ITS OWN GAS.
Ask for it and insist upon having it at the Club
and Restaurant.

Wanted to Be Buried Standing, with His Rifle and Tobacco.

An eccentric character named Britton Bailey came from Tennessee to Texas in 1820, says the Dallas News. While en route in company with several others he requested each man to tell what he was coming to Texas for. When all were through it came his turn, and he said: "I am going to Texas to establish a character. I have not got any at home, and I am going to try to establish one in Texas."

He troubled Bailey's prairie, and Mexico after settlement with the Mexicans, and he participated in the battle of Velasco. He carried home with him a

DESERTERS

Law Removing Charge Made July 1. Sent at once for blanks. C. E. MILLER, United States Claim Attorney, 266 Broadway, New York City.

600D CALIFORNIA WINES.

Table Wines, 15 cents a gallon. Port and Sherry, 20 cents. Champagne, 25 cents. All wines from the best vineyards. Send for price list. F. HALL & CO., 81 Nassau st., near Fulton. 100 East Houston st., New York.

was gasped. "I am sure he is. He is a Blue- Mrs. Polwhele fell to the floor in a dead
rock beard a murderer! He has been mar- faint. Mrs. Arnold continued to shriek.

A fit of hysterics terminated her ravings. Mrs. Polwhele almost fainted. The picture her mother conjured up was quite so vivid that she could not get around the told her story, with the accompaniment of sighs, tears and much sniffing at a bottle of smelling salts.

She was sitting on the floor near the locked-up room, she said, when Mr. Polwhele came in with an oath and told her that if ever he caught her there again he would turn her neck and crop into the street.

Mrs. Polwhele naturally was very indignant, her indignation took a turn favorable to her curiosity.

"I shall go down to that room to-day if he turns me out in the road," she said. "He is going out this afternoon. I'll call in a locksmith and have the door opened."

Mrs. Polwhele went out and Mrs. Polwhele sent for the locksmith. The man came and brought a bunch of skeleton keys.

The door was opened in a jiffy, and the lady entered the room.

No carpet. Two large tables covered with pieces of pottery, baked clay and incised stone. Cases of curios everywhere. In the floor two oblong basins, filled and filled with heaps of dirty, yellowish cloth.

Mrs. Arnold removed one of the heaps and peered in the box.

"What a ghastly shrieking!" In the box was the corpse of a woman.

The locksmith lifted up the other heap

Mrs. Polwhele has too dashed to speak a word, and she has rushed upstairs to her dowdiers and into the road, where she stood terrified and trembling.

"Where is the nearest police station?" cried the mistress of the ceremonies.

"In the back three or four policemen. They have a desperate criminal to deal with."

The girl ran off, and speedily returned with a party of the law. Mrs. Polwhele had taken her daughter back into the hall.

"What's all this?" inquired a quiet voice which issued from beneath a pair of gilded arm spectacles. "What does this mean?"

"That's him!" screamed Mrs. Arnold.

"That's the murderer. Arrest him!" cried the man.

"What? Mr. Polwhele? Nonsense!" returned the sergeant.

"So I should think," said the gentleman spoken of. "Be good enough to inform me what this means?"

The sergeant then found upstairs a man, who said:

"That's him!"

"Well, there are two bodies upstairs. They have been bodies something like 4,000 years, so don't quite see how they could have made them so fresh."

"I found them found by me near the Great Pyramid in Egypt."

Complete collapse of Bluebeard's mother-in-law. Exit police.

"The cloth in which the mummies were wrapped," exclaimed Mr. Polwhele to his wife shortly afterwards, "is covered with inscriptions which I am transcribing. I thought that you should if you saw the mummies without the bandages, so kept the room locked up."—*Illustrated*